Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the tryall Marshall, and begin.
Mar. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.
Mar. Goe beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke,
1 *Har.* *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes, what we decree.
A long flourish.
Draw neere and list
What with our councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deare blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes doe hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,

And

And make us wade even in o
Therefore, we banish you our
You Cosin Hereford, upon p
Till twice five Summers have
Shall not regreet our faire D
But tread the stranger paths
Bul. Your will be done: t
That Sunne that warmes you
And those his golden beames
Shall poynt on me, and gilde
Rich. Norfolke: for thee re
Which I with some unwilling
The slye slow houres shall no
The datelesse limit of thy de
The hopelesse word, of never
Breathe against thee, upon pa
Mow. A heavy sentence my
And all unlook'd for from you
A deerer merit, not so deepe
As to be cast forth in the comm
Have I deserved at your High
The Language I have learn'd
(My native English) now I m
And now my tongues use is to
Then an unstringed Vyoll, or
Or like a cunning Instrument c
Or being open, put into his han
That knowes no touch to tune
Within my mouth you have en
Doubly purcullist with my teet
And dull, unfeeling, barren ign
Is made my gaoler to attend o
I am too old to fawne upon a
To farre in yeares to be a pupil
What is thy sentence then, but s
Which robs my tongue from bre
Rich. It boots thee not to be
After our sentence, plaining com